# WAH SING

## OUR LITTLE CHINESE COUSIN

HELEN L. CAMPBELL

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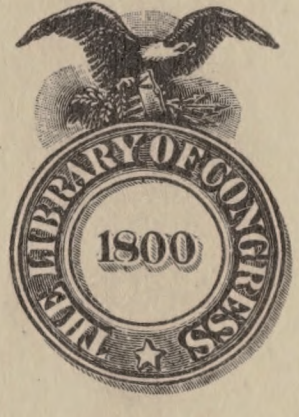


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# Wah Sing
# Our Little Chinese Cousin

BY

HELEN L. CAMPBELL

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
BOSTON
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

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WAH SING AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.

# Our Little Chinese Cousin

Wah Sing is such a queer little fellow. But then he lives in one of the queerest countries of the world. He is our Chinese cousin.

If you could dig a hole down deep enough through the earth you would come out on the other side and find yourself in China, Wah Sing's home. He is a funny looking boy. He has black eyes shaped like almonds. They are not made on a straight line, but they slant down towards each other. He has a little flat nose, which looks as if some one had given it a big punch to keep it from growing. He has high bones in his cheeks. His skin is yellow. The top of his head is bald, like your grandpa's, and has been shaved perfectly smooth.

The hair on the back of his head is pulled back and braided into what we call a little queue. Wah Sing is very proud of his queue. It would be to him a most terrible punishment to have it cut off. He is only eight years old, but he looks like a little old man.

He does not make a noise when he walks, for he has thick felt soles on his shoes. They are made of silk and embroidered with pretty flowers. He wears big trousers which come down to his ankles. He has on a tunic of blue silk with big sleeves, like a loose sack. He often uses these sleeves for pockets. He can put many playthings in them. When he goes out doors he wears a silk cap on his head. He can have these lovely things to wear, for his papa is a rich man.

Oh, dear, what a fuss there was when Wah Sing was born! How proud his father was

because he was a boy! A very important thing must be done at once. He must be protected from the evil spirits that frighten the babies. That is what the Chinese think; for they have very odd notions about such things. So papa and his friends have a very solemn ceremony. They take a piece of red paper, on which they write two words. Inside the paper, they fold up two kinds of fruit that are used in making soap. This will make Wah Sing very neat and tidy all his life.

Besides these, they put in an onion so that the boy shall grow to be wise; for the Chinese think knowledge is the best thing in the world. Two pieces of charcoal are added to make the baby strong. They must not forget to put in a lock of hair from a cat and one from a dog. These will keep Wah Sing from being frightened by the noises of animals. All these

things are carefully wrapped up in the red paper and tied with a red string. The funny little bundle is hung outside the nursery door. It will keep away the evil spirits.

But this is not enough, so the loving Chinese papa thinks. He gets a pair of his trousers and hangs them upside down on the bedstead. He fastens a paper on them, and asks the evil spirits, should they come, to please step into the trousers and let his baby alone. After a few days the charms are taken away; Wah Sing will be safe now.

When he was a month old the barber came to see the baby. This was a great day — the day of the first shave. A feast was spread. All his papa's friends were invited to the celebration. Every spear of hair must be cut from Wah Sing's head.

Then for the first time he had a name given

him; but do not imagine it was Wah Sing. He must have a "milk" name first. So his papa chose the Chinese word for "kindness."

A CHINESE BARBER.

Afterwards, when he was named Wah Sing, his papa thought a long, long time before making a choice. It was very important to

get something that would make the evil spirits think he did not care much about his boy. He wished to deceive them. If his boy had an ugly name the bad spirits would believe no one loved him. Then it would not be worth while to injure him. After the feast of the shaving, a little hair was allowed to grow on the back of Wah Sing's head. As soon as it was long enough, it was gummed up and tied with red silk. It was such a comical pigtail. It stuck straight out from his head, but his mamma was very proud of it.

When our Chinese cousin was four months old, there was another great feast at his house. That was the day when Wah Sing must sit up all alone in a chair for the first time. His grandma brought a strange looking chair—all painted red. She also had a lot of very sticky candy. What do you think that was

for? Can't you guess? Why, to stick Wah Sing down on the chair! It would make him sit up straight, and would keep him from tumbling out, too. Then the solemn looking little baby was given some playthings. He was supposed to understand that after this he must sit up in chairs and amuse himself like grown-up people.

When Wah Sing was a year old, his papa had the greatest feast and most important ceremony of all. This was the time for the little yellow baby to decide what kind of a business he would have when he grew up. A big bamboo sieve was brought to him. In it were a book, some make-believe money, a little looking-glass, some fruit, a gold bracelet, a pair of scissors, and many other things.

And now, how his friends gathered round to watch what he would take out of the sieve!

A STREET IN A CHINESE CITY.

They did not speak. They were just as quiet — we say — as a mouse. I don't know how they say it in China. The little baby fingers reached out and tried to pick up a book. Oh, what pleasure that gave his papa! His boy would grow up to be a great scholar.

All his friends began to wish him joy, for a wise man is in China the greatest and best of all. If Wah Sing had picked up the money, he would have been trained for a man of business, and then the friends would have tried to be just as glad. But he chose the best thing of all, and every one was greatly pleased.

Wah Sing has grown now to be a happy and healthy little boy. His papa is a silk merchant, and the Chinese boy's home is very beautiful. The house is large, but the rooms are all on one floor. It is not often that people in China build houses any higher, even if they

have a great deal of money. Why is it, do you suppose? These queer people have queer reasons for everything. They believe in many evil spirits, who are always ready to do harm, and they think that these spirits can reach them more easily when they are near the earth.

But if the rich people who can afford to build their houses high, should do so, then the poor only would be troubled by the evil spirits. This would not be fair. So all, rich as well as poor, build low and have only their churches high. They call their churches pagodas. They look like high towers.

Wah Sing's father chooses a strange way to keep everything out of his house that might harm his family. Evil spirits can only go in a straight line, he thinks. So from the door-way there are many corners to turn before

anyone can get inside the rooms in the house. The windows are made of paper. The doors are never closed, and the Chinese have a strange reason for this. If a Chinaman should close his doors, his neighbors would at once think he had a great secret, and they would walk into his house to find out what was the matter.

The roof of his dwelling slants down, and at each corner is a great dragon. Around the house are beautiful gardens, more beautiful than any we have in America. There are lovely ponds, and beds of bright-colored plants, and beautiful shade trees. It is like paradise, the poor children think, as they sometimes peep over the walls. Inside the house are many rugs, and marble stands, and lovely Chinese screens.

Until Wah Sing was six years old he stayed

THE GARDEN OF WAH SING'S HOME.

almost all the time with his dear mamma and his nurse.

Poor Chinese mamma! She has a hard time of it, I think. She cannot go anywhere in the house as she pleases. She cannot go out and visit her friends, or go walking or driving as she likes, nor even eat at the table with Wah Sing's papa, or have parties. She must stay in her own rooms and do just what her husband wishes. Sometimes she sits and embroiders shoes or a new silk tunic for Wah Sing. Then, when she is tired, she smokes some opium or plays cards.

At other times, she either plays with her little boy or teaches him some of the many lessons in politeness which he must learn. She tells him he must always obey his papa; he must honor his grandpa and grandma; he must never turn his back on anyone as he

leaves the room; oh, that would be such a terribly rude thing! He must step backwards; or, at the least, he must, till he reaches the door, move sideways. He must always speak of himself as something mean and worthless; he must speak to others as if they were far better and more important than himself.

When his mamma has finished this lesson, perhaps she has her maid dress her hair. This great work will take hours. It is carefully combed up over a frame on each side of her head and fastened in some queer shape with glue. Sometimes she has a little silver flower-pot, with a plant in it, placed in her hair; or, perhaps, big gold ornaments. She has beautiful hands, so the Chinese think. Her finger nails are four inches long, and are finely polished. They are often covered with silver cases, that nothing may happen to them.

But why can she not walk more easily? She seems to totter at every step. Poor woman! it is because her feet are only two and a half inches long! Her husband is very proud of them. He calls them golden lilies, and tells all his friends about them. Poor, deformed feet, you would call them, if you saw them.

When Wah Sing's mamma was a little girl three years old, her mother bound her toes tightly under her feet. She kept the bandages on all the time, for she wanted the feet to grow in that way, that they might never become any larger. It would be a disgrace for her to have big feet. In China only the very poor girls who have to work let their feet grow. And Wah Sing's grandma wanted her daughter to marry. No Chinaman would care to marry her if she had large feet. So there

A DINNER PARTY.

was nothing else to do; her feet must be kept bound night and day. Oh, dear, how it hurt the poor child! You cannot imagine how it pained her. Sometimes she lay awake all night. But she was very proud and would not let any one see her cry. And these bandages were never taken off except when her feet were to be bathed! But then, for the rest of her life she will have stubby little feet.

Although Wah Sing's mamma has so little to do, the women of the lower class are very industrious. They make handsome crape shawls, and spinning, weaving and sewing form their daily tasks. These women also make stockings from a material for which they have first spun the thread and woven the cloth.

Wah Sing has two sisters; one is six years old and one is two. Their papa hopes he will

never have any more daughters. If he should be so unfortunate, he may give them away when they are born.

MAKING STOCKINGS.

Some of the poorest people in China even drown their little girl-babies! Girls are not thought much of in China, you see. Wah Sing's sisters will never go to school. Even

his mamma does not know how to read or write. The Chinese think it is a very bad thing for girls to be taught. They might not obey their husbands and fathers so well if they knew more.

The little girls dress almost the same as Wah Sing, but their hair is not cut off. They have ugly bangs over their forehead, and the rest of the hair is put into one or two long braids and tied with a red silk cord.

One day Wah Sing's papa had a dinner party. His little boy had been very good and his father said he might come to the table. Wah Sing was so proud and happy! What do you think they had to eat? First of all, sweetmeats were brought on the table. There were many kinds of queer candies and cakes and nuts. Best of all the things were the watermelon seeds. How fond the Chinese are

SOWING RICE.

of this curious dainty! Why, they have whole gardens of watermelons, which they cultivate for the seeds; and the long nails of the people are the very things needed to open the seeds easily. You may be sure Wah Sing enjoyed the first course. After this came fruits and melons; and then that dish dear to every Chinese stomach — rice. No meal is perfect without it and the poor people live on it almost entirely. In the southern part of China it forms the principal crop. With the rice came fish and meat, cut up in little bits, as they always are in China. Why is that, do you think? I see you already guess the reason.

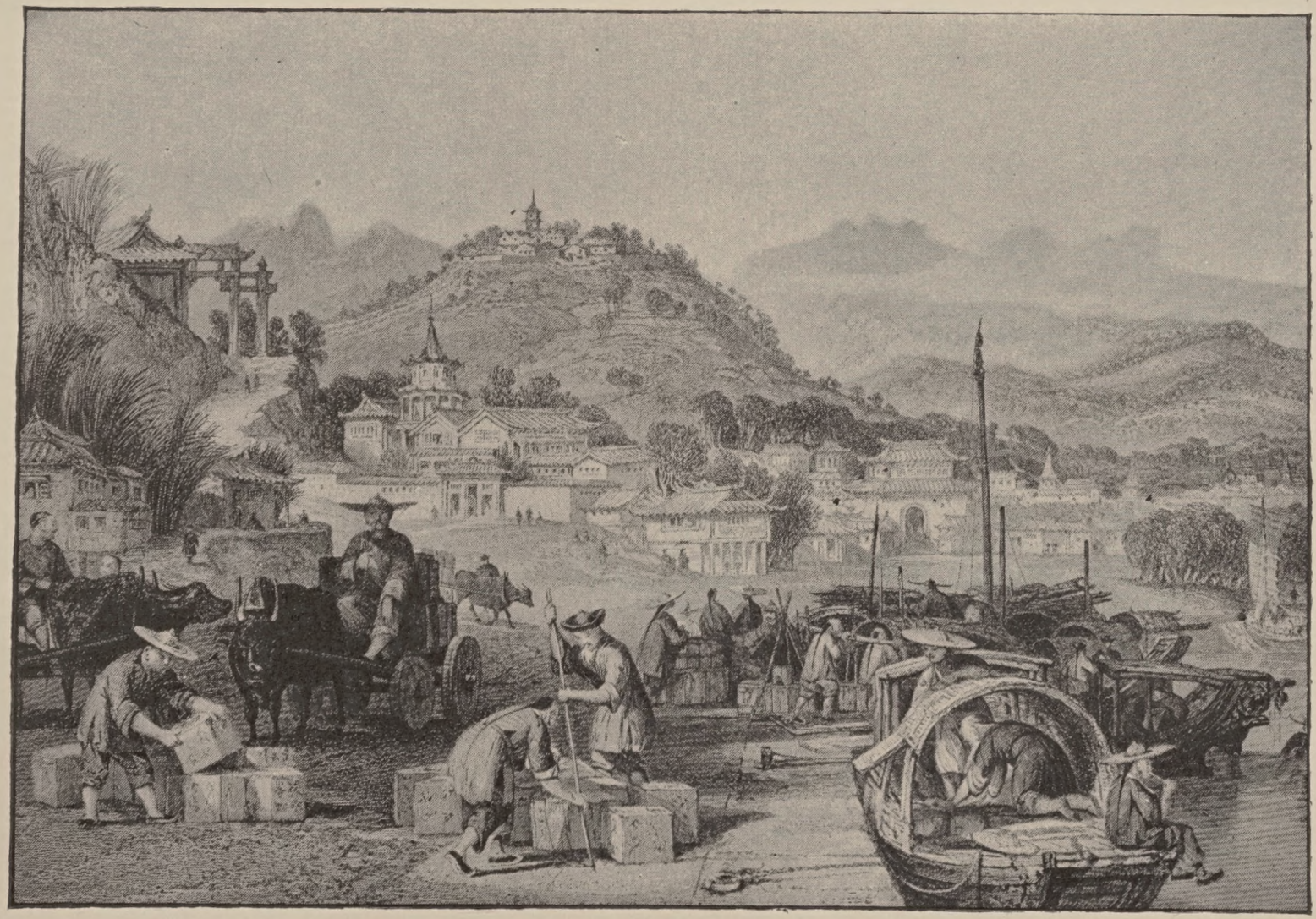
The Chinese have no knives and forks as we do. They eat with chopsticks, and very gracefully, too. Wah Sing would be thought ill-bred if he dropped a grain of rice. At his house the chopsticks are made of gold, for his

SORTING AND PREPARING TEA.

father is rich; those used by most people, however, are made of bamboo or ivory. The dinner ended with soup, made of a kind of bird's nests that are found only in China. Of course they drank plenty of tea, for you know most of the tea used comes from China.

The napkins were made of rice paper. It seems as if nearly everything in China is made of paper. They have a saying there, that everything is made of paper and paper is made of everything.

Many stories were told, and Wah Sing had a lovely time. I wonder if in his heart he did not wish his dear mamma could come to the table. In the midst of the dinner, he heard a rustle behind the paper screens. He looked up and saw a little hole, just a tiny bit of a hole, in one of them. Then he knew his mamma was there listening and trying to see



LOADING TEA JUNKS.

the company. That was as near as she could come to sharing in the fun at the dinner party.

A CHINESE SCHOOL.

When Wah Sing was six years old, he began to go to school. That was a great day. His mother dressed him in new clothes. His queue, which was now quite long, was tied

with a new ribbon. His father took him by the hand and led him to school. What do you think Wah Sing carried with him? Books and a scholar's companion? Oh, no! he had two candles, some incense and some mock money. For the most important thing he will do at school will be to burn the incense and money before the figure of Confucius.

I wonder whether you ever heard of this wise man, Confucius. He lived in China many hundred years ago. The Chinese still reverence him and try to follow his teachings.

Wah Sing made a very deep bow as he entered the school-room. His head almost touched the floor, for he stood face to face with the school-master. This great man looked at him through large spectacles of thick glass in big wooden rims. Dear me, how severe he did seem! He held a long stick

in his hand with switches fastened at the end. The master used this very often on stupid boys. The Chinese believe that in school "if you spare the rod, you spoil the child."

And now Wah Sing's papa left him to his studies. What kind of a book do you think his teacher gave him? A nice little primer with words of two or three letters? No, indeed; it was big and thick, and full of the wise sayings of Confucius. The Chinese language has no alphabet like ours. It is written with thousands of funny little signs, and each one of these is a word. So the children must learn all these word-signs by heart. They keep saying them over and over again.

When a boy thinks he knows his lesson, he goes up to the teacher and hands him the book. He then turns his back and begins to repeat the words in a loud voice. But if he

fails! That brings a flogging. You may be sure the boys try very hard to get their lessons. They study the words aloud, and what a noise they make!

I do not see how the school-master can tell one boy's words from another's, as they study. But he does, and he knows every time they make a mistake, too.

Did you ever see a Chinese book? If you could read it you would begin at the last page and go from the bottom up to the top.

Wah Sing learns to read the wise books of Confucius and work hard problems in arithmetic. But most important of all, he must be taught manners. He is shown how to walk in the street, how to enter a room, how to speak to strangers. A day must not go by without burning incense to Confucius.

I must not forget to tell you what strange

things Wah Sing learns in his Chinese geography. He is told that the earth is flat and that China is in the middle. Bad people live all around the edges and are always trying to get into the country. Perhaps that is why the Chinese are so afraid of strangers. It must be one of the reasons that it is so hard for travelers to know more about them.

Wah Sing is a very bright boy, so his teacher thinks. He learns his lessons quickly. He says to himself, "I will go to college just as soon as I can." So every morning at sunrise he is in the school-room. He studies till ten o'clock. Then he goes home to breakfast. At noon he goes back to school and works hard till five o'clock. He has no vacation except on special holidays. That seems rather hard, doesn't it? Yet, after all, Wah Sing has lots of fun.

PLAYING SHUTTLECOCK.

He enjoys his games and toys as much as you do in America. He has his chums, too. There is one playmate of whom he is very fond. The two boys like to play shuttlecock together in Wah Sing's garden. This is something like football, only the boys use the soles of their feet instead of the toes.

Then there is the game of dragon. It takes several children to play this. The dragon is very large and is made of bamboo hoops and covered with cloth. It is painted to look like a dragon. The boys hang lanterns inside of it and hold it up on poles. They carry this queer long thing around and make believe it is alive. How it turns and twists! How queer it looks with the light shining through! It is a funny sight.

Then the boys play "Lion, chase the ball." Wah Sing thinks this is the best fun of all.

FLYING KITES.

The boys make the lion of bamboo and cloth. Two of the children put their heads and shoulders inside and carry it. The lion's mouth is kept open so that the boys inside can look out. Another boy carries a big ball and the lion tries to catch it. How they all laugh and shout! How they dodge round the corners of the garden! The sober little Chinese are lively enough now.

But Wah Sing's kites! If you saw them I am afraid you would envy him. He has one in the shape of a dragon, which makes music as it sails along; another like a bat; still another, a butterfly; and one is such a beautiful ship. Best of all, Wah Sing can light up his kites inside. As they sail through the air on windy days and nights they are lovely sights. A Chinese boy must be very poor indeed if he does not own at least one

fine kite, for China is the home of these playthings.

There is a holiday once a year which is celebrated all over China. It is called Kite Day. That is the time for every Chinese boy and Chinese man, too, to put up at least one kite. There is no business or school on that day, you may be sure. What a queer sight Wah Sing's city must be then! The air is filled with kites of all kinds; big kites, little kites, kites that look like snakes wriggling around in the air, flocks of birds that come flying away from a hawk, bouquets of flowers, man kites, woman kites, and kites that explode in the air in fire-works.

There is something else of which Wah Sing is very fond. That is the beautiful lantern his papa gave him his last birthday. It is in the shape of a horse, and, if he lights it

and puts it on the floor, it will gallop along without being touched. He is very proud of it, but still he is not satisfied. He is hoping that next time his "most venerable parent," as he has been taught to call his papa, will give him a lantern like a ship, that will sail on his pond.

I think the Chinese are as fond of lanterns as they are of their kites. Every Chinaman is obliged by law to carry one when he goes on the street at night. There are many shops in China where they sell nothing but lanterns.

Just now Wah Sing is looking forward to the Feast of Lanterns. It comes on the first full moon of the year and there will be a great celebration. All the houses will be lighted up, different kinds of lanterns will be hung before the doors, there will be fire-works, and music,

MEETING THE SPRING.

and processions, and everything to make a boy happy.

There is another great festival which Wah Sing enjoys very much. It is the ceremony of "Meeting the Spring." Ten days are given to this festival, and a different object is worshipped each day.

At the appointed time a procession is formed, which goes forth to meet the coming spring. Many in the procession are decorated with ribbons and garlands; some carry drums, gongs, and horns, while others carry lanterns, banners, and artificial fruits. Sometimes there are a hundred tables, or litters, in the procession, each having on them a number of gaily dressed boys and girls.

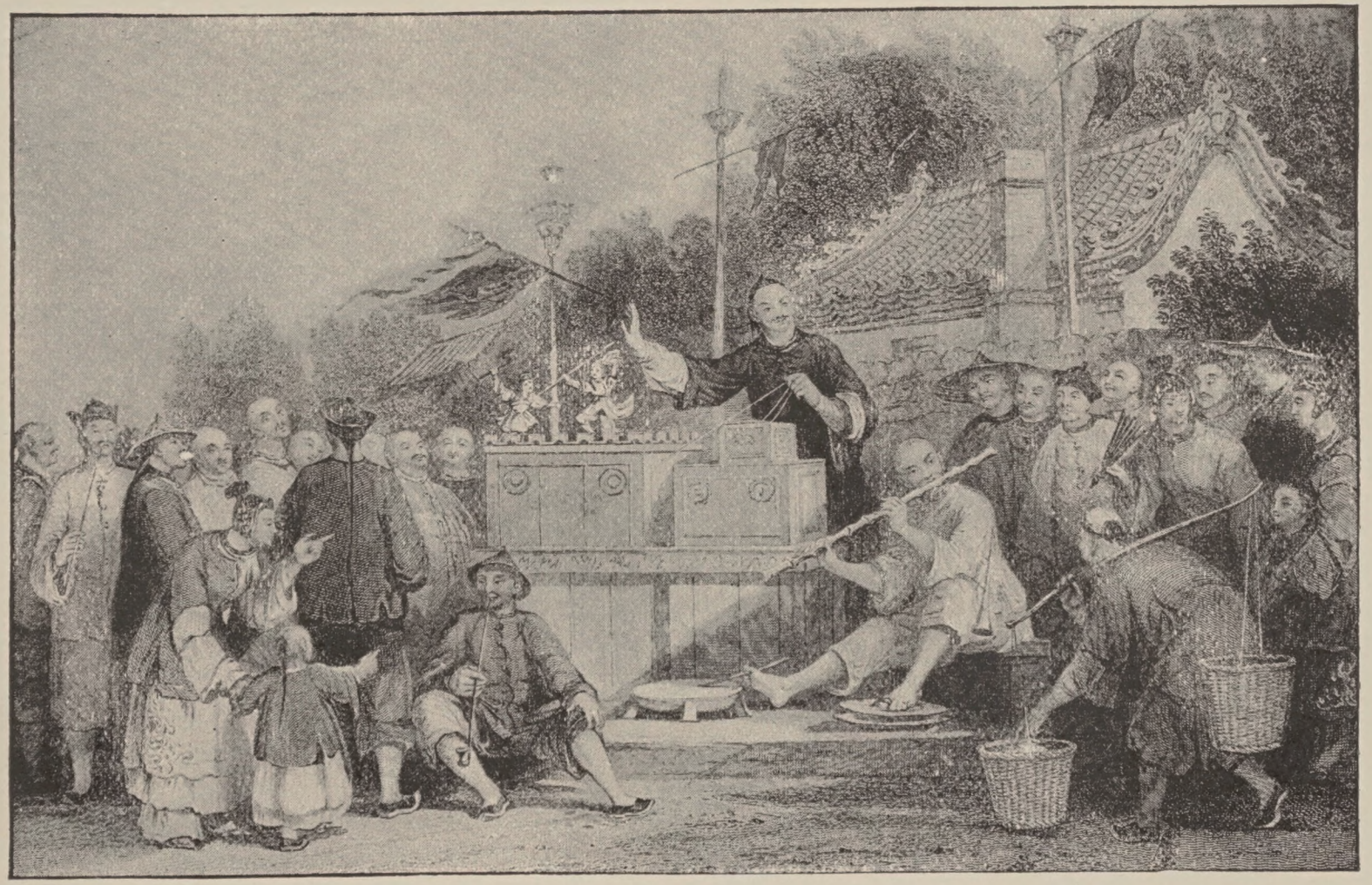
Upon arriving at the temple, the Priest of Spring comes out to welcome them. He makes a speech upon the praises of spring,

A SHADOW SHOW.

after which those who were in the procession proceed to the various public places, where medals and images are thrown out to them.

There are so many things to amuse Wah Sing. Sometimes a "shadow man" comes by the house. He will stop if he sees the boy in the garden and give him a show. If you look at the picture, you will see that the man stands with a big box over his head. A curtain is fastened on the box and brought down to his feet and tied. The man works the shadows on the screen in the front of the box. He knows how to make funny shadows that will make the children laugh wherever he goes.

There are many other kinds of street shows in China. Sometimes they are dancing dolls, sometimes Punch and Judy shows. Often it is "peep" box, and the children look in and see wonderful things.



THE DANCING DOLLS.

Wah Sing has many pets and is very fond of them. He has a pigeon house, like many a boy in America. One of his pigeons is a tame "tumbler." It has this name because it turns so many somersaults; but it always lands on its feet. Wah Sing is never tired of watching it.

But the pets he loves best of all are his crickets; little black crickets, just like the ones in this country that chirp around the house on cold nights in the fall of the year. Wah Sing keeps his crickets in little cages made of bamboo. He takes good care of them and sees that they have food and water every day. He often carries one of them about with him. Now of what use do you suppose crickets are? Did you ever hear of the bull-fights in Spain? The Chinese have cricket fights instead. So when Wah Sing wants to have more fun than

usual, he asks his little friends to a cricket fight.

The moment two crickets touch each other they will begin to fight with their jaws and

WATCHING A CRICKET FIGHT

feet. They will not stop a moment till one of them drops dead. It is very exciting to the children who watch the crickets. They hardly breathe or move. But what a cruel sport! It

is a shame that Chinese fathers let their children amuse themselves in such a way. It is hard to believe it, but Chinamen themselves often have cricket fights and bet on them. They get as excited over them as the children do.

Chinese children, however, have many other pets, such as rabbits, kittens, and gold fish, of which they are very fond. A sort of thrush, called "the bird with the flowery eyebrow," is also highly prized, and you may often see the boys walking on the city walls, or other open spaces, carrying their caged birds out for an airing.

Nuts and candy are also in as much demand as among American girls and boys. The candy-man, as he carries his two baskets suspended from a pole, is always a welcome visitor to Chinese boys and girls. Toys, also,

made of clay or pasteboard are in great demand; and when they hear the gong of the

A TRAVELLING TOY-MAN.

toy-peddler every child runs to see what he has new.

Wah Sing does not have any special day to

go to church. There is no Sunday in China. The days are all alike to him except the holidays. But he often goes to the pagoda to pray and burn incense.

The pagodas are always open and the priests stay there day and night. But they are not like any church you ever saw. Broad strips of brightly colored paper and silks are on the walls and hanging from the ceiling. There are images of Chinese gods in different parts of the temple. The priests are beating gongs and making fearful noises which the Chinese call music.

Here and there are little tables of sweetmeats. Perhaps you think they are for the people who get hungry. Not at all. Wah Sing will go up to one of the stands and buy some candy of a priest. Then he carries it to another part of the pagoda and offers it as a

present to his dead relatives; for the Chinese believe in the worship of their ancestors. The children are taught to honor their fathers and obey them strictly. That is not all, however.

OFFERING PRESENTS TO THE DEAD.

Their grandfathers and great-grandfathers and even those who lived before them, must be worshipped always.

When the parent dies the child's duty is not

done. He must serve his father more than ever. Although the dead one cannot be seen, he needs presents. So the child must get him clothes and furniture. These clothes, however, are made of paper and are burnt as offerings before the ancestral tablets.

Millions of dollars are spent in China every year on these presents to the dead.

In Wah Sing's house there is a hall kept in honor of his ancestors. In this hall is a large tablet of marble, and on it are the names of his dead relatives. It is very ugly. Beside it are many little images, one for each member of the family who has died. Their birthdays are all honored.

And now let me tell you what present Wah Sing will soon make his dear papa. He has been saving his money for a long time. It will be an elegant coffin, and his father will be

greatly pleased. He will keep it carefully for his own burial. Rather a strange present, you will think; but the Chinese consider it the very nicest one a son can give, for they are not afraid to die. They know they will be worshipped and they believe that some time they will come back to this earth again in new bodies.

When Wah Sing goes to the pagoda he must not forget the praying machine. He writes some little prayers to the gods and puts them on the spokes of the funny wheel. He can turn the wheel around as many times as he has said the prayers. Of course, he likes to turn it a good many times. That will show how much he honors the gods.

A few days ago Wah Sing's papa told him he might go fishing on the river.

The river is nearly a mile from his house.

He had to go through one of the business streets to get there. The streets are very narrow, hardly more than paths. There are no sidewalks, but the people do not need them as they walk in the middle of the street; for there are no horses, nor are there any wagons or wheels.

Wah Sing rode along in his palanquin. It was carried by two coolies, as the poorest Chinese workmen are called. Every little while he stopped to see the sights. A peddler of sweetmeats came along. He carried his wares in a big tray. Wah Sing stopped him and bought some, for he liked candy.

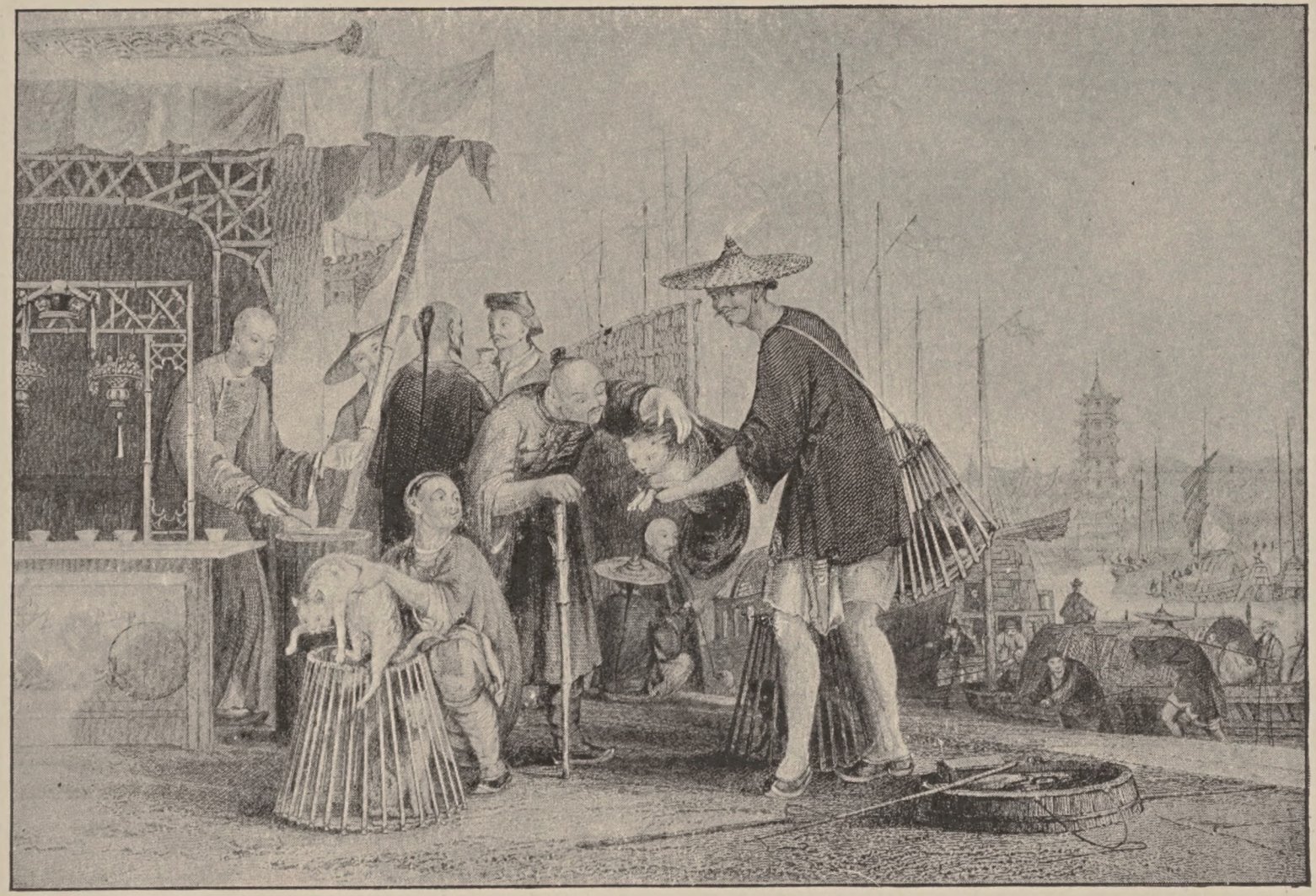
But what funny sight is this? A wheelbarrow with a sail fastened to it! A man was pushing it easily, although he had a big load. The sail helped him very much. The workman's little child sat in front of the sail. He

A TRAVELLING BARBER.

was enjoying his ride. Wah Sing almost wished he was a poor boy; he thought it more fun to go that way than in his fine palanquin.

Sometimes the Chinese walk with sails on their shoulders to help them along. They say it is foolish to use the wind only when we ride on the water; we can sail on the land just as well.

Wah Sing saw many children playing along the streets. They were poor, so they had to take care of their little brothers and sisters. They had no baby-carriages. The babies were bound on their backs; but they did not seem to mind that.



THE CAT PEDDLER.

They were romping and running around at a great rate.

As Wah Sing proceeds on his way, he sees many things that would seem very strange to you. Among them is a barber busily engaged in dressing a Chinaman's hair. This barber carries his utensils about with him from place to place, and will stop on the street to attend to a customer's wants.

A STREET BEGGAR.

The little boy's attention is next drawn to a man kneeling on the ground, and dressed in a very ragged tunic. Wah Sing knows at once that this is a street-beggar, so he drops a piece of money into the basin which the beggar holds in front of him.

Look! see that peddler going along the

A CHINESE MERCHANT.

street. What are those animals in the cages? Cats? Sure enough! The Chinese cook them for dinner, and the poor people are as fond of them as you are of chicken pie. Why, they even raise a certain kind of dog for stews. There is no accounting for tastes, is there?

Soon after Wah Sing had passed the cat peddler, he came to his father's store. His father has beautiful things to sell. There are no windows or doors in his store, but the whole front of it is open, and if you wish to buy anything of him you have only to stop, turn to the counter, and be waited upon.

There are no elevators or stairways in Chinese stores. As you walk or ride along the streets you can see the things spread out and so can choose easily what you wish. I think it must be far more pleasant to go shop-

HAULING BARGES ALONG THE RIVER.

ping in China than in the crowded buildings of our cities, don't you?

But let us go back to Wah Sing. His father was just going to leave the store when his little boy got there. He seated himself in another palanquin and went with him to the river.

Wah Sing had no hook and line. Oh, no; the Chinese have an easier way of fishing than that. They use big nets which they put down in the water; then, after a little while, they give a big pull. Up comes the net full of fish.

But Wah Sing did not do this. He had an easier way still. His papa hired a cormorant of a boatman. Did you ever see one? It is a big bird and rather stupid, too. He is trained to catch the fish. See how still he sits, watching the water. Ah! he sees one.

FISHING WITH A CORMORANT.

Now he darts his head down, and up comes a big fish in his mouth, which he lays at Wah Sing's feet.

But why didn't the bird eat the fish? Do you see the leather band around his throat? The boatman put it on to keep him from swallowing the fish. Poor bird! he has a hard time of it; but once in a while Wah Sing gives him a small fish that he can swallow.

When Wah Sing grew tired of this sport he took a walk along the shores of the river with his father. He watched some children playing on a house-boat.

In China there are so many people that great numbers of them live in boats on the rivers. They even raise chickens on board the boats. Some of the little children, especially the boys, are tied to the deck with ropes; others have little barrels tied on their backs.

Thus they can be saved if they tumble overboard while they are playing.

There is no country in the world where there are so many people as in China. Thousands of poor families live on a few pennies a day. You may be sure they do not wear silken tunics like Wah Sing; nor do they often have sweetmeats. They wear coarse clothes, and eat rice for breakfast, dinner and supper. But, like Wah Sing, they have day while we have night, and think that Americans are queer people. When Wah Sing grows up he will travel to this country and see us.

FEB 9 1906

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